

1000 Copies - 24 Hymns - 32 pages each  
Nov. 20<sup>th</sup> 1876

696

J.J.S. Pam Box H3

# THE RIVULET:

CONTAINING

107 HYMNS,

## Temperance Songs

AND

## RECITATIONS

FOR

### Hands of Hope & Temperance Meetings.

COMPILED BY REV. J. BROWN

From English and American sources.

*Price 8 cents.*

May be had of J. F. L. PARSONS, Halifax, N. S., or Rev. J. BROWN, Milton, Queens Co.

MESSINGER PRINTING OFFICE,  
HALIFAX, N. S.

CAN  
HV  
5070  
.B2R6



Dalhousie College Library

*The*

JOHN JAMES STEWART  
COLLECTION

# THE RIVULET:

A COLLECTION OF

## HYMNS

AND

## Temperance Songs,

FOR

## BANDS OF HOPE

AND

## TEMPERANCE MEETINGS.

*Compiled by Rev. J. Brown*

From English and American sources.

---

CAN  
HY5070  
B2A6

MESSANGER PRINTING OFFICE,  
HALIFAX, N. S.

4775 - Feb. 16/20

**1                      Guide us, Saviour.**

---

God has said, "For ever blessed  
Those who seek me in their youth;  
They shall find the path of wisdom,  
And the narrow way of truth."

Guide us, Saviour,  
In the narrow way of truth.

Be our strength, for we are weakness,  
Be our wisdom and our guide;  
May we walk in love and meekness,  
Nearer to our Saviour's side.  
Nought can harm us  
While we thus in thee abide.

Thus, when evening shades shall gather,  
We may turn our tearless eye  
To the dwelling of our Father,  
To our home beyond the sky;  
Gently passing  
To the happy land on high.

---

**2                      Come, join our Band.**

---

We're marching to the promised land,  
A land all fair and bright;  
Come, join our happy youthful band,  
And seek the plains of light.

Oh, come and join our youthful band,  
Our songs and triumphs share;  
We soon shall reach the promised land,  
And rest for ever there.

The Saviour feeds his little flock,  
His grace is freely given;

The living water from the rock,  
 And daily bread from heaven.  
 Oh, come, &c.

In that bright land no sin is found,  
 But all are happy there,  
 And youthful voices sweetly blend  
 In the angelic choir.  
 Oh, come, &c.

Our teachers kindly point the way,  
 And guide our feet aright  
 To the bright realms of endless day,  
 Where Jesus is the light.  
 Oh, come, &c.

### 3            I long to be there.

I've read of a world of beauty,  
 Where there is no gloomy night,  
 Where love is the mainspring of duty.  
 And God is the Fountain of light.  
 I long, I long, I long to be there ;  
 I long, I long, I long to be there.

I've read of its flowing river,  
 That bursts from beneath the throne,  
 And beautiful trees than ever  
 Are found on its banks alone.  
 I long to be there, &c.

To rise to that world of light,  
 And breathe in its balmy air,  
 To walk with the Lamb in white,  
 And sing with the angels there.  
 I long to be there, &c.

#### 4                      Good Tidings.

---

Shout the tidings of salvation  
 To the aged and the young,  
 Till the precious invitation  
   Waken every heart and tongue.  
       Send the sound the earth around,  
       From the rising to the setting of the sun,  
       Till each gathering crowd  
       Shall proclaim aloud,  
       The glorious work is done.

Shout the tidings of salvation  
 O'er the prairies of the West ;  
 Till each gathering congregation  
   With the gospel sound is blest.  
       Send the sound, &c.

Shout the tidings of salvation,  
 Mingling with the ocean's roar,  
 Till the ships of every nation  
   Bear the news from shore to shore.  
       Send the sound, &c.

Shout the tidings of salvation  
 O'er the islands of the sea,  
 Till, in humble adoration,  
   All to Christ shall bow the knee.  
       Send the sound, &c.

#### 5                      A Crown for the Young.

---

I know there's a crown for the saints of renown,  
 And for saints whose good deeds are unsung ;  
 But oh, say, is it true, if their days are but few,  
   That a crown is laid up for the young ?

Yes, yes, yes, I know there's a crown for the young ;  
 If their lives daily prove that the Saviour they love,  
   I know there's a crown for the young.

Theyouthful shall stand in that beautiful land,  
 While the song of salvation they sing,  
 And the infant of days strike its harp in the praise  
 Of Immanuel, its Saviour and King.  
 Yes, yes, yes, I know, &c.

The noble of birth, and the poor of the earth,  
 Both the man and the youth and the child,  
 If in Jesus they trust, when they rise from the dust  
 Shall be crowned in the land undefiled.  
 Yes, yes, yes, I know, &c.

6

### Walk in the Light.

Pleasant is the Sabbath bell,  
 In the light, in the light;  
 Seeming much of joy to tell,  
 In the light of God;  
 But a music sweeter far,  
 In the light, in the light,  
 Breathes where angel spirits are,  
 In the light of God.

Let us walk in the light,  
 In the light, in the light,  
 Let us walk in the light,  
 In the light of God.

Shall we ever rise to dwell,  
 In the light, in the light,  
 Where immortal praises swell,  
 In the light of God?  
 And can children ever go,  
 In the light, in the light,  
 Where eternal Sabbaths glow,  
 In the light of God?  
 Let us walk, &c.

Yes, that bliss our own may be,  
 In the light, in the light,  
 All the good shall Jesus see,  
 In the light of God;



For the good a rest remains,  
 In the light, in the light,  
 Where the glorious Saviour reigns,  
 In the light of God.  
 Let us walk, &c.

---

## 7                    **Marching Along.**

---

The children are gathering from near and from far,  
 The trumpet is sounding the call for the war;  
 The conflict is raging, 'twill be fearful and long,  
 We'll gird on our armour, and be marching along.

Marching along, we are marching along,  
 Gird on the armour and be marching along;  
 The conflict is raging, 'twill be fearful and long.  
 Then gird on the armour and be marching along.

The foe is before us in battle array,  
 But let us not waver nor turn from the way;  
 The Lord is our strength, be this ever our song,  
 With courage and faith we are marching along.

Marching along, &c.

We've 'listed for life, and will camp on the field,  
 With Christ as our Captain we never will yield;  
 The "sword of the Spirit," both trusty and strong,  
 We'll hold in our hands as we're marching along.

Marching along, &c.

Through conflicts and trials our crowns we must win,  
 For here we contend 'gainst temptation and sin;  
 But one thing assures us we cannot go wrong,  
 If trusting our Saviour while marching along.

Marching along, &c.

**Speak the Truth.**

Be the matter what it may,  
 Always speak the truth ;  
 Whether work or whether play,  
 Always speak the truth.  
 Never from this rule depart,  
 Grave it deeply on your heart,  
 Written 'tis in Virtue's chart,—  
 Always speak the truth.

There's a charm in verity,  
 Always speak the truth ;  
 There is meanness in a lie,  
 Always speak the truth.  
 He is but a coward slave  
 Who, a present pain to waive,  
 Stoops to falsehood : then be brave,  
 Always speak the truth.

Falsehood seldom stands alone—  
 Always speak the truth ;  
 One begets another one—  
 Always speak the truth.  
 Falsehood all the soul degrades,  
 'Tis a sin from which proceed  
 Greater sins and darker deeds :  
 Always speak the truth.

When you're wrong the folly own.  
 Always speak the truth ;  
 Here's a victory to be won ;  
 Always speak the truth.  
 He who speaks with lying tongue  
 Adds to wrong a greater wrong :  
 Then with courage true and strong  
 Always speak the truth.

## 9            The Prodigal's Return.

---

Joy! joy! joy! there is joy in heaven with the angels ;  
 Joy! joy! joy! for the prodigal's return!  
 He has come, he has come,  
 To his Father's house at last;  
 He was lost, he is found,  
 And the night of gloom is past.  
 Blessed hour of joy and communion sweet,  
 For his heart is full and his love complete,  
 His father sees him and hastes to meet,  
 And bid him welcome home.

Joy! joy joy! in the courts of heaven resounding,  
 Joy! joy! joy! o'er the prodigal's return;  
 Hark! the song; hark! the song,  
 'Tis a joyful, joyful strain.  
 Welcome home, welcome home,  
 To thy Father's house again.  
 While his eye is dim with the falling tears  
 Of repentant grief, over wasted years,  
 The pardoning voice of his Father cheers,  
 And bids him welcome home.  
 Joy! joy! joy! &c.

Joy! joy! joy! in the radiant fields of glory,  
 Joy! joy! joy! when a wandering soul returns;  
 Let us haste, let us haste,  
 While the morning sun is bright,  
 Jesus calls, Jesus calls,  
 To a land of love and light.  
 We will journey on, till our pilgrim feet  
 Shall at last be found in the golden street;  
 Our glorious Saviour will smile to greet,  
 And bid us welcome home.  
 Joy! joy! joy, &c.

## 10            Jesus loves me.

---

Jesus loves me ; this I know,  
 For the Bible tells me so ;  
 Little ones to him belong,  
 They are weak, but he is strong.  
 Yes, Jesus loves me, yes, Jesus loves me,  
 Yes, Jesus loves me, the Bible tells me so.

Jesus loves me ; he who died,  
 Heaven's gate to open wide ;

He will wash away my sin,  
Let his little child come in.

Yes, Jesus, &c.

Jesus loves me ; loves me still,  
When I'm very weak and ill :  
From his shining throne on high  
Comes to watch me where I lie.

Yes, Jesus, &c.

Jesus loves me ; he will stay,  
Close beside me, all the way ;  
If I love him, when I die  
He will take me home on high.

Yes, Jesus, &c.

## 11

Giving.

"Give," said the little stream  
(Give, oh give, give, oh give),  
As it hurried down the hill.

"I am small, I know, but wherever I go  
(Give. oh give, give, oh give),  
The fields grow greener still."

Singing, singing all the day,  
Give away, oh, give away.

"Give," said the little rain,  
As it fell upon the flowers ;  
"I will raise the drooping heads again,  
And freshen the summer bowers."

Singing, &c.

"Give," said the violet sweet,  
In its gentle, spring-like voice ;  
"From cot and hall they will hear my call,  
They will find me and rejoice."

Singing, &c.

"Give," said they all, "oh, give,  
 For our blessings come from heaven,  
 And we fain would give, yes, would only live  
 To give as God has given."  
 Singing, &c.

Give, then, for Jesus give,  
 There is something all can give :  
 Oh, do as the streams and the blossoms do,  
 For God and others live.  
 Singing, &c.

---

**12                      Do the right.**

---

Courage, brother, do not stumble,  
 Though thy path be dark as night ;  
 There's a star to guide the humble,  
 "Trust in God, and do the right."  
 Do the right, do the right,  
 "Trust in God, and do the right."

Let the road be rough and dreary,  
 And its end far out of sight,  
 Foot it bravely ! strong or weary,  
 "Trust in God, and do the right."  
 Do the right, &c.

Simple rule, and safest guiding,  
 Inward peace and inward might,  
 Star upon our path abiding,  
 "Trust in God, and do the right."  
 Do the right, &c.

Some will hate thee, some will love thee  
 Some will flatter, some will slight ;  
 Cease from man, and look above thee,  
 "Trust in God, and do the right."  
 Do the right, &c.

The stars, how bright they shine

In yonder beauteous sky,  
Like jewels fitly set,

Whose lustre cannot die !

And may I ever hope

Their wondrous height to gain,  
And see the glory they beheld  
On old Judea's plain ?

They that are wise shall shine,

They shall shine as bright as the stars,

They shall shine as bright as the stars

That shine upon us from on high.

Oh, make me truly wise,

In thought, in word, in deed ;

And teach my erring heart

To seek the help I need.

May he who rules the world,

And keeps the stars in place,

Grant that I may at last behold

The brightness of his face.

They that are wise, &c.

If wisdom's ways I seek

I surely shall be blest ;

They run through joy and peace,

Unto a land of rest ;

And oh ! I fain would reach

Those starry heights above,

And with new brightness ever shine,

And sing a Saviour's love.

They that are wise, &c.

## 14

## Our work.

God, who gave us each a talent,  
 To employ it gave command;  
 If we hide it in a napkin,  
 He will claim it at our hand.  
 Let us, then, be up and doing,  
 Keeping still this truth in view—  
 Though our path be e'er so humble,  
 We have all a work to do.

With the heralds of the gospel,  
 If we cannot bear a part,  
 We can drop a word of kindness  
 That may reach some careless heart.  
 We may touch a chord of feeling  
 Guilt and sin have lulled to sleep;  
 To the blessed fold of Jesus  
 We may bring some wandering sheep.

If, among the older people,  
 We may not be apt to teach,  
 "*Feed my lambs.*" said Christ, our Shepherd,  
 Place the food within their reach.  
 And it may be that the children  
 You have led with trembling hand  
 Will be found among your jewels  
 When you reach the better land.

## 15

## Little Pilgrim.

I'm a little pilgrim,  
 And a stranger here;  
 Though this world is pleasant,  
 Sin is always near.  
 Jesus loves our pilgrim band,  
 He will lead us by the hand,  
 Lead us to the better land,  
 Happy home on high.

Mine's a better country,  
 Where there is no sin ;  
 Where the tones of sorrow  
 Never enter in.—Jesus loves, &c.

But a little pilgrim  
 Must have garments clean,  
 Ere he'd wear the white robe,  
 And with Christ be seen.—Jesus loves, &c.

Jesus, hear and save me ;  
 Teach me to obey ;  
 Holy Spirit, guide me  
 In the heavenly way.—Jesus loves, &c.

I'm a little pilgrim,  
 And a stranger here,  
 But my home in heaven  
 Cometh ever near.—Jesus loves, &c.

## 16 Battling for the Lord.

We've listed in a holy war,  
 Battling for the Lord !  
 Eternal life, eternal joy,  
 Battling for the Lord !  
     We'll fight till Jesus comes,  
     We'll fight till Jesus comes,  
     We'll fight till Jesus comes,  
     And then we'll rest at home.

Under our Captain, Jesus Christ,  
 Battling for the Lord !  
 We've listed for this mortal life,  
 Battling for the Lord !—We'll fight, &c.

We'll fight against the powers of sin,  
 Battling for the Lord !  
 In favour of our heavenly King,  
 Battling for the Lord !—We'll fight, &c.



And when our warfare here is o'er,  
 Battling for the Lord !  
 This strife we'll leave, and war no more,  
 Battling for the Lord !—We'll fight, &c.

Our friends and kindred there we'll meet  
 On the heavenly shore !  
 And ground our arms at Jesus' feet  
 On the heavenly shore !—We'll fight, &c.  
 Home, home, sweet, sweet home !  
 Prepare me, dear Saviour, for glory, my home.

### 17      Work while it is day.

Work, for the night is coming,  
 Work through the morning hours ;  
 Work while the dew is sparkling,  
 Work 'mid springing flowers ;  
 Work when the day grows brighter,  
 Work in the glowing sun ;  
 Work, for the night is coming,  
 When man's work is done.

Work, for the night is coming,  
 Work through the sunny noon ;  
 Fill brightest hours with labour,  
 Rest comes sure and soon ;  
 Give every flying minute  
 Something to keep in store ;  
 Work, for the night is coming,  
 When man works no more.

Work, for the night is coming  
 Under the sunset skies ;  
 While their bright tints are glowing,  
 Work, for daylight flies.  
 Work till the last beam fadeth,—  
 Fadeth to shine no more ;  
 Work while the night is darkening,  
 When man's work is o'er.

# 18      Nearer my God, to Thee.

Nearer my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee !

E'en though it be a cross  
That raiseth me ;  
Still all my song shall be,  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,—  
Nearer to Thee !

Though like a wanderer,  
The sun gone down,  
Darkness comes over me,  
My rest a stone ;  
Yet in my dreams I'd be  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,—  
Nearer to Thee !

Then make my way appear  
Steps unto heaven ;  
All that Thou sendest me  
In mercy given ;  
Angels to beckon me  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,—  
Nearer to Thee !

Then with my waking thoughts  
Bright with Thy praise—  
Out of my stony griefs  
Bethel I raise ;  
So by my woes to be  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,—  
Nearer to Thee !

And when on joyful wing  
Cleaving the sky ;  
Sun, moon and stars forgot,  
Upward I fly ;  
Still all my song shall be,  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,—  
Nearer to Thee !

## 19

## The Bible

The bible ! the Bible ; more precious than gold,  
The hopes and the glories its pages unfold ;  
It speaks of a Saviour, and tells of His love ;  
It shows us the way to the mansion above.

The Bible ! the Bible ; blest volume of truth ; \*  
How sweetly it smiles on the season of youth !  
It bids us seek early the Pearl of great price,  
Ere the heart is enslaved in the bondage of vice,

The Bible ! the Bible ! we hail it with joy,  
Its truths and its glories our tongues shall employ,  
We'll sing of its triumphs, we'll tell of its worth,  
And send its glad tidings afar o'er the earth.

## 20

## Love of God

How dearly God must love us, and this poor world of ours,  
To spread blue skies above us, and deck the earth with  
flowers ;  
There's not a weed so lowly, nor bird that cleaves the air,  
But tells, in accents holy, His kindness and His care.

He bids the sun to warm us, and light the path we tread ;  
At night, lest aught should harm us, He guards our  
welcome bed ;  
He gives us needful clothing, and sends our daily food ;  
His love denies us nothing His wisdom deemeth good.

The bible, too, He sends us, that tells how Jesus came,  
Whose word can save and cleanse us from guilt, and sin,  
and shame.  
O may God's mercy move us to serve Him with our powers ;  
For, O, how He must love us, and this poor world of ours.

## 21

## Childhood's Years.

Childhood's years are passing o'er us,  
Youthful days will soon be gone ;  
Cares and sorrows lie before us,  
Hidden dangers, snares unknown.

O may He, who, meek and lowly,  
 Trod Himself this vale of woe,  
 Make us His, and make us holy,  
 Guard and guide us where we go.

Hark ! it is the Saviour calling,  
 "Take thy cross and follow me !"  
 Jesus, keep our feet from falling,  
 Help us all to follow Thee.

## 22 Our Shepherd.

Jesus is our Shepherd, wiping every tear:  
 Folded in His bosom, what have we to fear ?  
 Only let us follow whither He doth lead,  
 To the thirsty desert, or the dewy mead.

Jesus is our Shepherd ; well we know His voice,  
 How its gentlest whisper makes our hearts rejoice ;  
 Even when it chideth, tender is its tone,  
 None but He shall guide us ; we are His alone.

Jesus is our Shepherd ; for the sheep He bled ;  
 Every lamb is sprinkled with the blood He shed ;  
 Then on each He setteth His own secret sign.  
 "They that have my Spirit, THESE," saith He, "are mine."

Jesus is our Shepherd ; guarded by His arm,  
 Though the wolves may rave, none can do us harm ;  
 When we tread death's valley, dark with fearful gloom.  
 We will fear no evil, victors o'er the tomh.

## 23 Humility.

The bird that soars on highest wing,  
 Builds on the ground her lowly nest,  
 And she that doth most sweetly sing,  
 Sings in the night when all things rest :—  
 In lark and nightingale we see,  
 What honor hath humility.

The saint that wears heaven's brightest crown,  
 In deepest adoration bends ;  
 The weight of glory bends him down  
 Then most, when most his soul ascends :—  
 Nearest the throne itself must be,  
 The footstool of humility.

## 24

## Doing Good.

We all might do good where we often do ill,  
 There's always a way, if we have but the will;  
 For even a word, kindly breathed or suppressed,  
 May guard off some pain, or give peace to some breast.

We all might do good in a thousand small ways—  
 Forbearing to flatter, yet giving due praise;  
 In spurning ill humour—reproving wrong done,  
 And treating but kindly the heart we have won.

We all might do good, whether lowly or great,—  
 A deed is not judged by the purse or estate;  
 If only a cup of cold water is given,  
 Like the mite of the widow, 'tis something for heaven.

## 25

## Mothers of Salem.

When mothers of Salem their children brought to Jesus,  
 The stern disciples drove them back, and bade them  
 depart;

But Jesus saw them, ere they fled, and sweetly smiled,  
 and kindly said—

“Suffer the children to come unto me.”

“For I will receive them, and fold them to my bosom,  
 I'll be a Shepherd to these lambs, O drive them not away;  
 For if their hearts to me they give, they shall with me in  
 in glory live,

Suffer the children to come unto me.”

How kind was our Saviour to bid those children welcome!  
 But there are many thousands who have never heard His  
 name;

Dear Saviour, hear us when we pray, that they may hear  
 Thee to them say,

“Suffer the children to come unto me.”

And soon may the heathen, of every tribe and nation.  
 Fulfil Thy blessed word, and cast their idols all away.  
 O! shine upon them from above, and show Thyself a God  
 of love,

Teach them, dear Saviour, to come unto Thee.

## 26

## Good David.

Good David, whose psalms have so often been sung,

At first was not noble or grand;

But only a shepherd boy when he was young,

Though afterwards king of the land.

He tended his flocks on the pastures by day,  
 And kept them in safety by night;  
 And, tho' a poor shepherd, he did not delay,  
 To do what was holy and right.

For while he sat watching his sheep in the fold,  
 To guard them from danger abroad,  
 It then was his greatest delight, we are told,  
 To think of the works of the Lord.

Thus seeking so early for knowledge and truth,  
 His childhood in wisdom began;  
 And, therefore, the Lord was the guide of his youth,  
 And made him so mighty a man.

So he soon was made king, for the prophet foretold,  
 That God meant to honour him thus:—  
 O, Lord, may we serve Thee, like David of old,  
 And do Thou be mindful of us.

## 27

## Our Fathers.

TUNE.—*Auld Lang Syne.*

Our fathers were high-minded men  
 Who firmly kept the faith;  
 To freedom and to conscience true,  
 In danger and in death.  
 Nor should their deeds be e'er forgot,  
 For noble men were they,  
 Who struggled hard for sacred rights,  
 And bravely won the day.

For all they suffered, little cared  
 Those earnest men and wise;  
 Their zeal for Christ, their love of truth,  
 Made them the shame despise.  
 Great names had they, but greater souls,  
 True heroes of their age,  
 That, like a rock in stormy seas,  
 Defied opposing rage.

And such as our forefathers were  
 May we their children be,

And in our hearts their spirit live  
 That baffled tyranny.  
 O we will bear and we will do  
 Whatever must be done,  
 Till for this good old cause of truth  
 The victory shall be won.

---

28

## Sing Praises.

Sing with a tuneful spirit,  
 Sing with a cheerful lay ;  
 Praise to thy great Creator,  
 While on the pilgrim way.  
 Sing when the birds are waking,  
 Sing with the morning light ;  
 Sing in the sultry noontide,  
 Sing in the hush of night.

Sing when the heart is troubled,  
 Sing when the hours are long ;  
 Sing when the storm-cloud gathers ;  
 Sweet is the voice of song.  
 Sing when the sky is darkest,  
 Sing when the thunders roll ;  
 Sing of a land of glory,  
 And rest for the weary soul.

Sing in the vale of shadows,  
 Sing in the hour of death ;  
 And, when the eyes are closing,  
 Sing with the latest breath.  
 Sing till the heart's deep longing  
 Cease on the other shore ;  
 Then with the countless numbers  
 Sing on for evermore.

29

**Close of Day.**  

---

How pleasant it is at the close of the day,  
 No follies to have to repent ;  
 But reflect on the past, and be able to say,  
 My time has been properly spent.  
 When I've finished my duties with patience  
 and care,  
 And been good and obliging and kind,  
 I lie on my pillow and sleep away there  
 With a happy and peaceable mind.

Instead of all this, if it must be confest,  
 That careless and idle I've been ;  
 I lie down as usual and go to my rest,  
 But feel discontented within.

Then as I dislike all the trouble I've had,  
 This in future I'll try to prevent ;  
 For I never am wayward without being sad,  
 Or good without being content.

---

30

**The Violet.**  

---

Down in a green and shady bed,  
 A modest violet grew,  
 Its stalk was bent, it hung its head,  
 As if to hide from view.

And yet it was a lovely flower,  
 Its colours bright and fair ;  
 It might have graced a rosy bower,  
 Instead of hiding there.

Yet there it was content to bloom,  
 In modest tints arrayed ;  
 And there it gave a sweet perfume,  
 Within its silent shade.

Then let me to the valley go,  
 This pretty flower to see ;  
 That I may also learn to grow  
 In sweet humility.



31

**Evening.**  

---

Come hither and let us behold  
 The sun as he sinks to his rest ;  
 The clouds, tipt with crimson and gold,  
 Are spreading all over the west.  
 Let us go to the top of the hill,  
 And watch them come sweeping along ;  
 All nature is lonely and still,  
 And the birds have all ended their song.

The sun that shone bright all the day,  
 Is now gone quite out of our sight ;  
 And we must now hasten away,  
 For soon 'twill be darkness and night.  
 O then like the bright setting sun,  
 May we to our duty attend,  
 Then think on a day well begun  
 And cheerfully welcome the end.

32

**True Nobility.**  

---

It is not gold can make us rich,  
 'Tis oft an idol shrine ;  
 It is not titles make us great,  
 True greatness is Divine.  
 There's many a wealthy man is poor,  
 And many a lordling low,  
 For wealth and titles but ensure  
 The pomp of outward show.

The lack of gold ne'er makes us poor,  
 If knowledge make us wise ;  
 The want of title ne'er degrades,  
 If virtue's stamp we prize.  
 There's many a princely throne is rear'd  
 Beside a lowly hearth ;  
 And men that Fortune never cheered,  
 Have blest and brightened earth.

33

**The Dewdrop.**

---

**TUNE.—*The Bucket.***

How small are the dewdrops, those gems of the morning,  
 That bathe with effulgence the field and the flower ;  
 How transient their stay and how brief their adorning,  
 How humble their mission—to shine for an hour ;  
 But think of them rightly, don't speak of them lightly,  
 Because you can brush them by thousands away ;  
 Tho' drops when they're single, They're streams when they  
                   mingle  
 And run with the rivers away to the sea.

So gifts from the youthful, their pray'rs and their labors,  
 Like dew on the flow'rs, may but trifles appear ;  
 But blend the bright drop with its glistening neighbors,  
 And streams of refreshment the desert shall cheer.  
 Then, children don't falter, But bring to the altar  
 The word kindly spoken, the mite, or the tear :  
 For grains make the mountain, And drops make the fountain ,  
 And moments united will compass a year.

Then ever be doing and ever devising ;  
 Don't say, " I'm a child, I will work when a man ;"  
 The season of small things be never despising,  
 But fill up your measure, and do what you can.  
 Don't ever be hoarding, and riches applauding,  
 Keep giving, and you shall have plenty to give :  
 The truest enjoyment is found in employment ;  
 For God and humanity labor and live.

34

**Do what you can.**

---

**TUNE.—*Beautiful stream.***

Don't think there is nothing for children to do,  
 Because they can't work like a man ;  
 The harvest is great and the laborers few :  
 Then, children, do all that you can.  
     Then children, do all that you can ;  
     Then children, do all that you can ;  
     The harvest is great and the laborers few ;  
     Then, children, do all that you can.

But what if you've naught but a penny to give ?  
 Then give it, though scanty your store ;  
 For those who give nothing when little they have,  
 When wealthy will do little more.  
     Then children, &c.,

It was not the off'ring of pomp and of power,  
 It was not the golden bequest—  
 Ah no, 't was the mite from the hand of the poor  
 That Jesus applauded and blessed.  
 Then children, &c.

### 35 Morning Songs.

As the birds in shady wild wood  
 Cheer the weary traveller,  
 So the songs of blooming childhood  
 Cheer the heart oppressed with care.

Happy voices, happy voices,  
 Precious gift from God above ;  
 Happy voices, happy voices,  
 Precious gift from God above.

Welcome, hour of pure enjoyment,  
 When the tuneful band unite  
 In the heav'n approved employment  
 Of the ransomed saints in light.  
 Happy voices, &c.

Every loving heart rejoices,  
 And the angel flight delays ;  
 For 't is sweet when hearts and voices  
 Blend in songs of sacred praise.  
 Happy voices, &c.

Precious youth, in life's bright morning  
 Train ye for the heavenly choir ;  
 From the ways of folly turning,  
 To a heavenly harp aspire.  
 Happy voices, &c.

### 36 The Child's Desire.

I think when I read the sweet story of old,  
 When Jesus was here among men,  
 How he call'd little children as lambs to his fold,  
 I should like to have been with them then.

I wish that his hands had been plac'd on my head,  
That his arms had been thrown around me,  
And that I might have seen his kind look when he  
"Let the little ones come unto me." [said—

Yet still to his footstool in prayer I may go,  
And ask for a share of his love;  
And if I thus earnestly seek him below,  
I shall see him and hear him above,

In that beautiful place he is gone to prepare,  
For all who are washed and forgiven;  
And many dear children are gathering there,  
"For of such is the kingdom of heaven."

### 37                      Hold the Fort.

Ho ! my comrades, see the signal  
Waving in the sky !  
Reinforcements now appearing,  
Victory is nigh !

"Hold the fort, for I am coming,"  
Jesus signals still,  
Wave the answer back to Heaven,—  
"By Thy grace we will."

See the mighty host advancing,  
Satan leading on :  
Mighty men around us falling,  
Courage almost gone !  
"Hold the fort," &c.

See the glorious banner waving !  
Hear the trumpet blow !  
In our Leader's name we'll triumph  
Over every foe !  
"Hold the fort," &c.

Fierce and long the battle rages,  
But our help is near ;

Onward comes our great Commander  
Cheer, my comrades, cheer!

"Hold the fort," &c.

38

### Ninety and Nine.

There were ninety and nine that safely lay

In the shelter of the fold,

But one was out on the hills away,

Far off from the gates of gold.

Away on the mountains wild and bare,

Away from the tender Shepherd's care,

"Lord, Thou hast here Thy ninety and nine;

Are they not enough for Thee?"

But the Shepherd made answer: "This of mine

Has wandered away from me;

And although the road be rough and steep

I go to the desert to find my sheep."

But none of the ransomed ever knew

How deep were the waters crossed;

Nor how dark was the night that the Lord passed through

Ere He found His sheep that was lost.

Out in the desert He heard its cry—

Sick and helpless, and ready to die.

"Lord, whence are those blood-drops all the way

That mark out the mountain's track?"

"They were shed for one who had gone astray

Ere the Shepherd could bring him back."

"Lord, whence are Thy hands so rent and torn?"

"They are pierced to-night by many a thorn."

And all thro' the mountains, thunder-riven,

And up from the rocky steep,

There rose a cry to the gate of heaven,

"Rejoice! I have found my sheep!"

And the angels echoed around the throne,

"Rejoice, for the Lord brings back His own!"

39

### Scatter Seeds of Kindness.

Let us gather up the sunbeams,

Lying all around our path;

Let us keep the wheat and roses,

Casting out the thorns and chaff;

Let us find our sweetest comfort

In the blessings of to-day,  
 With a patient hand removing  
 All the briars from the way.

Then scatter seeds of kindness,  
 Then scatter seeds of kindness,  
 Then scatter seeds of kindness,  
 For our reaping by and by.

Strange, we never prize the music  
 Till the sweet voiced bird has flown !  
 Strange, that we should slight the violets,  
 'Till the lovely flowers are gone !  
 Strange, that summer skies and sunshine  
 Never seem onehalf so fair,  
 As when winter's snowy pinions  
 Shake the white down in the the air.  
 Then scatter, &c.

If we knew the baby fingers,  
 Pressed against the window pane,  
 Would be cold and stiff to-morrow—  
 Never trouble us again—  
 Would the bright eyes of our darling  
 Catch the frown upon our brow ?  
 Would the prints of rosy fingers  
 Vex us then as they do now ?  
 Then scatter, &c.

Ah ! those little ice-cold fingers,  
 How they point our memories back  
 To the hasty words and actions  
 Strewn along our backward track !  
 How those little hands remind us,  
 As in snowy grace they lie,  
 Not to scatter thorns—but roses—  
 For our reaping by-and-by !  
 Then scatter, &c.

41  
 Jo  
 Be  
 Si  
 Jo  
 Br  
 Sh  
 Fo

40

## I love the cause.

I love the cause of temperance,  
 'Tis good and true, I know ;  
 It gives a joy and blessing  
 To many a heart of woe ;  
 It makes the home of sadness  
 A glad and bright abode ;  
 And the drunkard, once so fallen,  
 Is nearer brought to God.

Strong drink, impetuous ever,  
 Sweeps like a rushing flood,  
 And downward beareth many  
 That once were wise and good ;  
 The poor man from his cottage,  
 The monarch from his throne,  
 And the young in life's fair morning,  
 Are carried swiftly down.

I would not be a drunkard,  
 For all this world can give,  
 In sorrow and in sadness  
 A sinful life to live ;  
 But still in words of kindness  
 I'll ask him to abstain,  
 And God may yet restore him  
 To happiness again.

41

## Moving Onward.

TUNE.—*Joyfully.*

Joyfully, joyfully, onward we move  
 Bearing the banner of freedom and love.  
 Singing, "The good time is coming again,"  
 Joyfully, joyfully, swelling the strain.  
 Bravely our fathers for liberty strove,  
 Shall we their children less valiant prove  
 Forth in their spirit to conquer the foe,  
 Joyfully, joyfully, onward we go.

God is our leader that fashioned the earth,  
 Gave to the rocks and the mountains their birth  
 Oceans and planets his mandate obey,  
 Angels in glory adore Him alway.  
 Why should we blush for the cause that is true,  
 Why should we fear though our numbers are few?  
 God will defend us, then let us unite,  
 Joyfully, joyfully shout for the right.

Deeds that are noble may yet be achieved,  
 Hearts that are wounded may yet be relieved;  
 Truth is eternal and never can fail,  
 Onward, brave comrades, for we shall prevail.  
 Soon shall the glad time of victory appear,  
 Soon shall the nations awake far and near,  
 Shouting, "Hurrah, for the glorious day!"  
 Joyfully, joyfully, let us away.

#### 42 Little Things.

A little, 'tis a little word,  
 But much may in it dwell;  
 Then let the warning truth be heard,  
 And learn the lesson well.

A little drink seems safe at first,  
 Exerting little power,  
 But soon begets a raging thirst,  
 Which cries for more and more.

The appetite, once formed; thus feeds  
 Till the strong man is bound,  
 And so the way of ruin leads  
 Downward like slippery ground.

Just as the largest rivers run  
 From small and distant springs,  
 The greatest crimes which men have done  
 Have grown from little things.



43

**Welcome.**TUNE.—*Spanish chant.*

Brothers, and sisters, welcome here,  
 Joyful are our hearts to-day,  
 For the good time draweth near ;  
 Temperance soon shall bear the sway ;  
 Ever faithful may we prove,  
 And for truth still bravely stand ;  
 We've a Friend in heaven above,  
 He will bless our Temperance band.

Let the work of love begin  
 In our early youthful days,  
 Brighter trophies we shall win,  
 Treading in God's holy ways ;  
 Let us put our armour on,  
 Trusting in our Friend above,  
 Making truth and temperance known,  
 Spreading holiness and love.

44

**The reason Why.**TUNE.—*Yankee doodle.*

Now don't you know the reason why  
 The Temperance cause is winning.  
 Our Bands of Hope resolve to try  
 The pledge when life's beginning.  
 That's the way to win the day,  
 Work a little longer ;  
 Drink shall fall with tyrants all  
 When Bands of Hope are stronger.

King Alcohol, a giant great,  
 Will find that he's not wanted.  
 For Bands of Hope shall fill the state,  
 In every quarter planted.  
 That's the way, &c.

He's hindered many a noble plan,  
 And scattered death and ruin ;  
 But soon we'll show him, every one,  
 What Bands of Hope are doing.  
 That's the way, &c.

We'll give him such a mighty blow,  
 He never will recover,  
 And then we'll set to work, you know,  
 And turn his kingdom over.  
 That's the way, &c.

The gin shop built in rich design,  
 Shall wear a lofty steeple,  
 And serve for school and college fine,  
 To educate the people.  
 That's the way, &c.

45

### The merry Birds.

TUNE.—*Auld Lang Syne.*

The merry birds in wood and grove  
 They sing a temperance lay ;  
 And water makes the richest flowers  
 So beautiful and gay.

Then, like the birds in wood and grove  
 And flowers so rich and gay,  
 I'll drink of water from the spring,  
 And sing a temperance lay.

The river as it floats along,  
 Is from the streamlet fed ;  
 And little drops may still increase  
 Until the drunkard's made.  
 Then, &c.,

Though wine be honoured at the feast,  
 Cold water is a friend

That comes to cheer and welcome us,  
And help us to the end.  
Then, &c.

For every joy that water gives,  
I would be thankful still,  
And help the cause of Abstinence  
With all my heart and will.  
Then, &c.

#### 46 True to the Pledge.

TUNE.—*Buy a broom.*

When the bright sun is up and the soft winds are blowing,  
We'll go to the woods where the sweet flowers grow;  
And drink where the streams ever copious are flowing,  
And never be drunkards, ah never, ah no!

Though far we may wander o'er forest and mountain,  
Cold water shall cheer us while onward we go, [tain,  
We'll sing of true temperance near streamlet and foun-  
And never be drunkards, ah never, ah no!

The first little drop of strong drink that is taken,  
Leads many to sadness and sorrow you know;  
If the first little drop be in earnest forsaken,  
We shall never be drunkards, ah never, ah no!

The pledge we have taken will never be broken,  
If we stand by our temperance wherever we go,  
Then let us remember the words we have spoken,  
And never be drunkards, ah never, ah no.

#### 47 My Little Sister.

TUNE.—*Rest for the Weary.*

I've a darling little sister,  
And she's happy all the day,  
It would make you smile to see her  
As she sings this joyful lay:  
Now, that Bands of Hope are waking,  
Drink will get such a shaking,  
That they'll soon give over making  
Whiskey, rum, and beer.

Near me lived a drunken father,  
 Wasting every earthly thing,  
 But he heard my darling sister,  
 And she taught him how to sing :  
 Now, &c.,

In that home where all was sadness,  
 Happiness and comfort reign,  
 And a little band of singers  
 Now repeat the joyful strain :  
 Now, &c.,

O that every home around us  
 Were as peaceful all the day,  
 Many a darling little sister  
 Then would sing this merry lay ;  
 Now, &c.

---

48            Give me a Draught.

---

Give me a draught from the crystal spring,  
 When the burning sun is high ;  
 When the rocks and the woods their shadows fling  
 Where the pearls and the pebbles lie.

Give me a draught from the crystal spring,  
 When the cooling breezes blow ;  
 When the leaves of the trees are withering,  
 In the frost and the fleecy snow.

Give me a draught from the crystal spring,  
 When the wintry winds are gone ;  
 When the flowers are in bloom and the echoes ring  
 From the birds o'er the verdant lawn.

Give me a draught from the crystal spring,  
 When the ripening fruits appear ;  
 When the reapers the song of the harvest sing,  
 And plenty has crowned the year.

Give me a draught from the crystal spring,  
 'Tis the safest drink I know,  
 For it never will pain or sorrow bring  
 From its sinless depths below.

49

## Do Good.

We all might do good, when we often do ill ;  
 There is always the way, if we have but the will ;  
 Though it be but a word kindly breathed or suppressed.  
 It may guard off some pain or give peace to some breast.

We all might do good in a thousand small ways,  
 In forbearing to flatter, yet yielding due praise ;  
 In spurring ill humor reproving wrong done,  
 And treating but kindly, each heart we have won.

We all might do good whether lowly or great,  
 For the deed is not gauged by the purse or estate ;  
 If it be but a cup of cold water that's given,  
 Like the widow's two mites, 'tis something for Heaven.

50

## The young Abstainer.

TUNE.—*Susanna.*

I am a young abstainer, sir,  
 From drinking customs free  
 If others choose the drunkard's drink,  
 Pure water give to me.

Pure cold water, water give to me,  
 For I'm a young abstainer,  
 From drinking customs free.

The drunkard is a foolish man,  
 He staggers through the streets,  
 And he is pointed at with scorn,  
 By every one he meets. Pure, &c.

The drunkard is a careless man,  
 He throws his cash away,  
 He does not save his money up  
 Against an evil day. Pure, &c.

The drunkard is a cruel man,  
 And thus we often see  
 His wretched wife and family,  
 In rags and misery. Pure, &c.

The drunkard is a wicked man,  
 He quite neglects his mind,  
 And God will punish him for that,  
 As he will surely find.—Pure, &c.

The foolish man and wicked man,  
 May drink wine, gin, and beer,  
 But I prefer a wiser plan,  
 My drink is water clear.—Pure, &c.

I'm a young teetotaller,  
 From drinking customs free,  
 Can't you give up the drunkard's drink,  
 And come and work with me.—Pure, &c.

## 51

## We've enlisted.

TUNE.—*Coldstream Guards.*

We've enlisted in the guards, the charming coldstream  
 guards,  
 We love the pure simple name we bear,  
 The clarion notes we raise are songs of joy and praise,  
 Our trophies are many, brave and fair ;

Who'll join the army ! life-preserving army !  
 March with the coldstream guards !

The soldiers in the guards may count on sure rewards,  
 In street or lane they will never lie ;  
 They wear no ragged clothes, they fear no fatal woes,  
 And you may guess the reason why,  
 Who'll join, &c.

When first you join the force, it may be hard, of course,  
 But when the few early drills you pass,  
 You learn to smile at those, who stand among the foes,  
 And fain would tempt you with a friendly glass.  
 Who'll join, &c.

Come then, and join our staff, and daily learn to quaff  
 The nectar drawn from the sparkling rill ;  
 You'll feel the glow of health, you may attain to wealth,  
 You'll surely save many a doctor's bill.  
 Who'll join, &c.

Our duty we must do, and we appeal to you  
 To help us now in the great campaign ;  
 Our land must be reform'd, strong drink must now be  
 stormed,  
 Till not a trace of the curse remain.  
 Who'll join, &c.

## 52

## The Social Glass.

1st Choir.—I'm very fond of a social glass,

2nd Choir.—So am I!

3rd Choir.—So am I!

1st Choir.—It makes the time so pleasantly pass  
And fills the heart with pleasure.

2nd Choir.—Ah! water pure doth brighter shine  
Than brandy, rum, or sparkling wine;

3rd Choir.—But sad is the fix if the liquor you mix.

1st Choir.—Oh! I never do that!

2nd Choir.—Nor I!

3rd Choir.—Nor I!

O yes, we love the social glass,  
But it must be filled with water;  
Wisdom says be temp'rate now  
To every son and daughter.

2nd Choir.—I like with a friend an hour to pass

3rd Choir.—So do I!

1st Choir.—So do I!

2nd Choir.—But never with the "social glass,"  
Unless it be cold water.

1st Choir.—No! friendship's joys are so divine,  
They never should be mixed with wine.

2nd Choir.—Perhaps you may think  
That I love strong drink?

3rd Choir.—I certainly do!

1st Choir.—And I!

2nd Choir.—Not I! O yes, &c.

3rd Choir.—I love to sing a temperance glee,

1st Choir.—So do I!

2nd Choir.—So do I!

3rd Choir.—I long to see the inebriate free,  
And every moderate drinker.

2nd Choir.—I'm glad to meet with friends so true,  
For I have long been temperate too;

3rd Choir.—Then I understand he's a temperate man?

1st Choir.—I reckon he is.

2nd Choir.—You're right.

3rd Choir.—All's right. O yes, &c.

## 53

## The Drunkard.

TUNE.—*Nelly Bly.*

Do you think when you drink  
Of the ills that flow,  
And entwine round ruby wine  
Whereso e'er you go.

Oh ! brother, come, brother,  
 Listen unto me,  
 And tales untold could I unfold,  
 Of human misery.

There the slave, see him crave,  
 Ever, ever dry,  
 Drink again, 'tis all in vain—  
 All in vain to try.  
 Oh ! brother, &c.

Hear him laugh, see him quaff  
 From the poisoned bowl.  
 Vacant stare, needless fear  
 Ever fills his soul.  
 Oh ! brother, &c.

Love is dead, peace has fled,  
 All his joys depart ;  
 Hate and crime around him entwine,  
 And mischief fills his heart.  
 Oh ! brother, &c.

Black despair, ruin there,  
 Follow in the train ;  
 Thoughts of past awake at last,  
 And rack the burning brain.  
 Oh ! brother, &c.

Life he spends, life he ends,  
 Then he hears death's call ;  
 Doubt and fear and dark despair  
 Let the curtain fall.  
 Oh ! brother, &c.

Cast away, never play  
 With the serpent more.  
 God hath said, 'Thy daily bread  
 And water shall be sure.'  
 Oh ! brother, &c.



## Wine of Eden.

TUNE.—*I'd be a butterfly.*

Drops of crystal water,  
 Oh the summer showers,  
 Gemming with a thousand pearls,  
 Blossoms in the bowers.  
 While the sun is resting  
 On a couch of clouds,  
 Drops of crystal water  
 Trickle down in crowds.  
 Wine's a friend of sorrow,  
 Water's friend is glee.  
 Drops of crystal water then  
 Are wine enough for me.

Corn that gilded acres,  
 The clover and the grass,  
 Cowslips that the children  
 Gather as they pass;  
 The primrose in the green lane,  
 The berry on the sloe,  
 Drops of crystal water  
 Cause them all to grow.  
 Wines, &c.

The lily and the daisy,  
 Sun-burnt in the field,  
 Had no parasol of leaves  
 Their purity to shield;  
 So sunlight dropped its cloud-veil,  
 And rain began to fall,  
 Drops of crystal water  
 Soon revived them all.  
 Wine's, &c.

From the waving king-cup  
 Bees are drinking dew;

Butterflies are waiting  
 To taste a little too.  
 The cricket on the lady-bird  
 Makes a passing call ;  
 Drops of crystal water .  
 Furnish drink for all.  
 Wine's, &c.

Drops of crystal water  
 Form the running rills,  
 Where the cress is growing  
 By the brambled hills ;  
 Oceans vast and boundless,  
 Rivers wide and far,  
 Drops of crystal water  
 Make them what they are.

Wine's a friend of sorrow,  
 Water's friend is glee.  
 Drops of crystal water then  
 Are wine enough for me.

55

Come Away.

TUNE.—*Mothers of Salem.*

O come, come away from all that can enslave you,  
 In works of love let us improve.  
 O come, come away !  
 For while in youth and health, we should  
 With all the virtuous, great, and good,  
 Join hands in brotherhood.  
 O come, come away !

With sweet songs of love we'll calm each angry feeling  
 And ne'er let wrath disturb our path.  
 O come, come away !  
 O come, let wisdom still increase,  
 And war of every kind will cease,  
 And man shall live in peace.  
 O come, come away !

No strong drink we'll use; then it can ne'er deceive us;  
 Don't taste a drop; O touch it not,  
 But come, come away!  
 Come drink the pure and crystal stream,  
 And put our trust alone in Him  
 Who from sin can redeem.  
 O come, come away!

56

**Merrily Sing.**


---

TUNE.—*Carry me back.*

Oh while we're blest with health and strength  
 Let's live as all men should,  
 And always lend a helping hand  
 To aid the public good.  
 And let us ever try to keep  
 Our conscience pure and free,  
 And merrily sing of temperance,  
 Of peace, and liberty.

In all that's right, we'll take delight,  
 And hate whate'er is wrong;  
 And every good and righteous cause  
 We'll help to push along;  
 Thus with the truly good and great,  
 We'll work in harmony;  
 And merrily sing of temperance,  
 Of peace and liberty.

And thus, in love and sympathy,  
 We'll spend our youthful days,  
 And in the songs of temperance  
 Our cheerful voices raise.  
 We'll plead the cause where'er we go  
 Which sets the drunkard free,  
 And merrily sing of temperance,  
 Of peace and liberty.

## 57            The Old Oaken Bucket.

---

How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood,  
 When fond recollection presents them to view ;  
 The orchard, the meadow, the deep tangled wildwood,  
 And every lov'd spot which my infancy knew.  
 The widespreading pond, and the mill which stood near it,  
 The bridge, and the rock, where the cataract fell,  
 The cot of my father, the dairy-house nigh it,  
 And e'en the rude bucket which hung o'er the well.  
                               The old oaken bucket,  
                               The iron-bound bucket,  
 The moss-covered bucket which hung o'er the well.

The moss-covered vessel I hail as a treasure ;  
 For often at noon when returned from the field,  
 I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,  
 The purest and sweetest that nature could yield.  
 How ardent I seized it with hands that were glowing,  
 And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell,  
 Then soon with the emblem of truth overflowing,  
 And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well ;  
                               The old oaken bucket,  
                               The iron-bound bucket,  
 The moss-covered bucket, arose from the well.

How sweet from the green mossy brim to receive it,  
 As poised on the curb it inclined, to my lips ;  
 Not a full blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,  
 Though filled with the nectar that Jupiter sips.  
 And now far removed from the loved situation,  
 The tear of regret will intrusively swell,  
 As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,  
 And sighs for the bucket which hangs o'er the well !  
                               The old oaken bucket,  
                               The iron-bound bucket,  
 The moss-covered bucket which hangs o'er the well.

## 58            Try Again.

---

Come, my lads, and lasses too,  
 Try, try, try again ;  
 Come, let's see what we can do,  
 Try, try, try again ;  
 Total abstinence proclaim,  
 Spread the cause, nor think it shame,  
 Let each try to get a name,  
 Try, try, try again.

Put on courage—never tire,  
 Try, try, again ;  
 Let the "*cause*" your hearts inspire,  
 Try, try, try again ;  
 Raise your banner, raise it high,  
 For recruits they loudly cry ;  
 They will muster by and by,  
 Try, try, try again.

If at first your luck be bad,  
 Try, try, try again ;  
 Good success will soon be had,  
 Try, try, try again ;  
 What if a repulse you get,  
 Persevere, you'll prosper yet,  
 Then your toil you'll not regret,  
 Try, try, try again.

List as many as you can ;  
 Try, try, try again ;  
 On the safe teetotal plan,  
 Try, try, try again ;  
 That our army may embrace  
 Every member of our race,  
 Emptying the drunkard's place,  
 Try, try, try again.

59

Arise, Arise.

TUNE.—*Marsellaise.*

Ye friends of temperance self-denying,  
 Hark! what myriads bid you rise,  
 See wretched drunkard's round you dying,  
 Behold their tears and hear their cries.  
 Behold their tears and hear their cries.  
 Shall hateful customs mischief breeding  
 With woes and crimes a direful band,  
 Afflict and desolate the land,  
 While peace and happiness lie bleeding,

Arise, arise, to save,  
 Your standard wide unfold,  
 March on, march on, all hearts resolved,  
 To storm the foe's strong-hold.

No joy of heart or hope resigning  
 Our bosoms glow with generous flame,  
 No narrow bounds the soul confining,  
 Shall e'er our noble ardour tame!  
 Too long our land has been bewailing,  
 The giant ills, which, far and wide,  
 Stalk through its bounds with guilty stride;  
 O'er prostrate virtue's powers prevailing!  
 Arise! arise! &c,

60

### Water is Best.

TUNE.—*I'd be a butterfly.*

Water is best for the trees of the forest,  
 Water is best for the flowers of the field,  
 Streams from the fountain are flowing in beauty,  
 Purest of pleasures for ever they yield.  
 Gliding in streamlet, and rolling in ocean,  
 Telling of God ever glorious divine,  
 Emblem of purity, of truth, and of freedom,  
 Still let me love the, and still be thou mine.

Water is best for the rich and the mighty,  
 Water is best for the humblest that toil;  
 Children and fathers may drink from the tountain,  
 Flowing forever to gladden the soil. &c.

Soon may the drunkard remember his folly,  
 Striving and trusting in God, like a man;  
 Soon may Hosannas be heard in the valley,  
 Offered to God for the abstinence plan. &c.

61

### Only A Little.

A little, 'tis a little word,  
 But much may in it dwell,  
 Then let the warning truth be heard,  
 And learn the lesson well.

A little drink seems safe at first,  
 Exerting little power,

But soon begets a raging thirst,  
Which cries for more and more.

The appetite once formed, thus feeds,  
Till the strong man is bound,  
And thus the way of ruin leads  
Down, down, like slippery ground.

Just as the largest rivers run  
From small and distant springs ;  
The greatest crimes which men have done  
Have grown from little things.

62

## Come Arouse.

TUNE.—*Merry Swiss Boy.*

Come, arouse, come arouse,  
Each merry bright boy,  
Take the pledge, and be happy and free,  
The drink is bad in all its forms,  
It leads to ruin, strife, and storms.  
Then arouse, then arouse,  
Each merry bright boy,  
Take the pledge and be happy and free.

Oh, we will, yes we will,  
Like merry bright boys,  
Take the pledge and be happy and free,  
Our fathers and mothers dear  
We'll save from pain, reproach and fear,  
For we will, for we will  
Like merry bright boys  
Sign the pledge and be happy and free.

63

## Weep for the Fallen.

Weep for the fallen ! hang your heads in sorrow,  
And mournfully sing the requiem sad and slow.  
Thousands have perished by the fell destroyer ;

Oh weep for youth and beauty,

Oh weep for youth and beauty,

Oh weep for youth and beauty in the grave laid low !

Sad voices of wailing tell of hopeless anguish,  
 While sorrowing mothers bid us onward go,  
 Hark ! to their accents, theirs the broken hearted  
 Who weep for youth and beauty, &c.

Hear how they bid us sound the timely warning,  
 While yet there is hope to shun the cup of woe.  
 For is it nothing, ye who see no danger,  
 To weep for youth and beauty, &c.

Weep for the fallen ; but amid your sorrow,  
 Still point to the pledge that freedom can bestow,  
 Rescue the nation from the fell-destroyer,  
 For why should youth and beauty in the grave lie low ?

## 64 Help the cause along.

There's a voice that speaks within us,  
 If we own no craven heart,  
 As we press along life's pathway  
 Taking our appointed part ;  
 And it bids us bear our burden,  
 Heavy though it seem and feel,  
 And with strong and hopeful vigor,  
 Put your shoulder to the wheel.

Put your shoulder to the wheel,  
 Put your shoulder to the wheel,  
 With a will then strong and ready,  
 Put your shoulder to the wheel.

What though clouds are dark'ning o'er us,  
 They but hide a tranquil sky,  
 Or should storm-drops fall around us,  
 Soon the sunshine bids them dry,  
 Never doubt and faint, and falter,  
 But, be stout and true as steel !  
 Fortune smiles on brave endeavor—  
 Put your shoulder to the wheel.  
 Put, &c.



Folded hands will never aid us,  
 To uplift the load of care ;  
 "Up and stirring," be your motto,  
 Meek to suffer, strong to bear,  
 'Tis not chance that guides our footsteps,  
 Or our destiny can seal :  
 With a will then, strong and ready,  
 Put your shoulder to the wheel.  
 Put, &c.

---

### 65      We, the undersigned.

---

We've made up our mind.  
 Don't you see ? don't you see ?  
 Hearts have here combined,  
 We will flee.  
 Wine-cups ruby-lined ;  
 Spurn them we, spurn them we ;  
 We, the undersigned,  
 Thus agree.  
 We, the undersigned.  
 Thus agree.

This shall be our song  
 Every day, every day ;  
 Shout we loud and long  
 On our way.  
 Cups for us shall brim,  
 Crystal bright, diamond light ;  
 So shall head and limb  
 Move aright.—We, &c.

Sweet and sparkling flow  
 Bubbling springs, purling springs ;  
 Pure the grateful glow  
 Water brings ;

Come and pledge us here,  
 Give the hand, give the hand ;  
 Only water clear  
 For our band.—We, &c.

Scout we dizzy brains,  
 Tottering walk, reeling walk ;  
 Scout we drunkard's chains,  
 Mumbling talk ;  
 Water's our sweet song  
 Night and day, night and day ;  
 Trill it loud and long,  
 Yes, for aye.—We, &c.

66

Give it up.

If any habit hold you fast,  
 And will not let you go,  
 Be sure it leads to greater sin,  
 Be sure it is your foe !  
 Oh, if you do not wish to drink  
 The bitter, bitter cup  
 Indulgence presses to your lip,  
 You'd better give it up !

Give it up ! Give it up !  
 Oh ! won't you give it up.

To-day the roses of delight,  
 Your forehead may adorn ;  
 But oh, the roses soon will fade,  
 And leave you many a thorn !  
 'Tis misery !—'tis misery,  
 That sparkles in the cup !  
 And while your conscience is secure,  
 You'd better give it up !  
 Give it up ! &c.

To men the noblest of desires,  
 And precious hopes are given ;  
 The bliss that cheats your soul on earth,  
 May cheat your soul of heaven !  
 Then sign the pledge : and vow, no more  
 To touch the fatal cup ;  
 For Satan's power you may resist,  
 If you do but give it up !  
 Give it up ! &c.

67

### Happy Children.

TUNE.— *Georgia.*

Happy children meet to-day,  
 Leave their books and leave their play ;  
 And they hie, with cheerful grace,  
 To the temperance meeting-place.  
 Oh, how happy we shall be,  
 When we gain the victory !

We have signed the temperance pledge,  
 Though of such a tender age ;  
 And we form a temperance band,  
 Rising up to bless our land.  
 Oh, how happy, &c.

Temperance ! let us shout it round,  
 'Tis a happy, joyful sound !  
 Let the drunkard hear it roll—  
 Let it sound from pole to pole.  
 Oh, how happy, &c.

68

### Learn to say No !

I've just learn'd this, that where'er you go,  
 If you wish to be safe, you must learn to say no.  
 If you stammer out yes—they'll bother you so;  
 They'll perhaps make you drink before you go.

“Just try a glass or so—  
 There can be no harm in a glass you know.”  
 And so I’ve signed the Temperance pledge;  
 And now where’er I go,  
 I tell them I’m a staunch Teetotaler,  
 And always answer, No.

I like to hear where’er I go,  
 A young man’s brave determined, No!  
 That word is truth’s all-powerful blow,  
 To lay corrupting error low.  
 “Just try, &c.

Learn, learn, learn to say, No!  
 It will crown you with glory where’er you go.  
 A hero’s heart must throb below  
 When a young man bravely answers, No!  
 Learn to say, No!  
 To a glass or so.  
 There’s every harm in a glass you know,  
 And so we’ve signed the Temperance pledge,  
 And now where’er we go,  
 We tell them we are staunch Tetotalers,  
 And always answer, No.

## 69      God bless our Band.

TUNE.—*National Anthem.*

God bless our youthful band,  
 O, may we firmly stand  
 True to our pledge!  
 May we to liberty,  
 Truth, love, and charity,  
 Evermore faithful be,  
 From youth to age.

While for the drunkard’s weal  
 We work with constant zeal,

Our labours bless !  
 And we thy aid invoke,  
 To save all little folk  
 From the poor drunkard's yoke,  
 And deep distress.

O may we ever stand  
 A noble temperance band,  
 A joy to see !  
 And may our cause extend,  
 Until all peoples blend,  
 And one great shout ascend,  
 "The world is free !"

God save our gracious Queen !  
 Long live our noble Queen !  
 God save the Queen !  
 Send her victorious,  
 Happy and glorious ;  
 Long to reign over us ;  
 God save the Queen !

## 70      **Never Drink Again ?**

TUNE.—*Never drink again ?*

Come, all dear children, gather round,  
 And sober learn to be,  
 The surest way at length we've found,  
 Teetotal, safe, and free.

We're marching through teetotal ground,  
 To spread its blessings all around ;  
 And then we all shall sober be,  
 And never drink again.

*Girls*—What ! never drink again ?

*Boys*—No, never drink again !

We're marching through teetotal ground,  
 We'll never drink again.

Each drunken man was once like you,  
 A sober little boy:  
 Oh! then, dear youths, and maidens too,  
 Teetotal sign with joy.  
 We're marching through, &c.

We'll drink the cup of water pure;  
 We'll breathe the air of love;  
 And may our steps on earth be sure  
 To fairer lands above.  
 We're marching through, &c.

## 71 Pure water for me.

TUNE.—*Home, sweet Home.*

'Mid the sparkling of glasses, or goblets of wine,  
 Look they ever so tempting, pure water be mine:  
 It gives neither head-ache, nor heart-ache, nor pain,  
 No trouble attends it, no loss, but all gain.

Hail, hail! water hail!

'Twill make the cheeks rosy which wine has made pale.

It will strengthen and purify body and mind,  
 Make the careless more thoughtful, the cruel more kind;  
 'Twill give you more leisure to read, think, and pray:  
 Sobriety surely's the happiest way.

Water give to me.

'Tis simple, 'tis wholesome, and God sends it free.

## 72 Marching On.

We are marching to the conflict,  
 With an army of the brave!  
 There's a deadly foe to vanquish,  
 There are hearts and homes to save!  
 Sons and fathers swell our legions,  
 Wives and sisters rally too;  
 In our ranks the weak are mighty;  
 There is work for all to do!

Then fall in! fall in! ye laggards!  
 Help us wage this holy fight,

Till King Alcohol is vanquished,  
And his minions put to flight !

See our banners whitely gleaming !  
There's no blood upon their folds !  
But their rustling makes the Rum-king  
Quake within his strongest holds !  
Tho' we charge the tyrant's forces,  
With no ranks of bristling steel,  
With our blows of Prohibition,  
All his stricken columns reel !

Then fall in ! ye sturdy yeomen !  
Help us swing the Maine-law sledge.  
Till we batter down Rum's kingdom !  
Come and join us—sign the pledge.

We are marching to the battle,  
And we strike alone to save !  
We will raise our fallen brothers,  
Snatch them from the drunkard's grave ;  
But on Satan's cursed Traffic,  
Let the blows fall thick and fast !  
Forward, brothers ! never falter !  
We shall win the fight at last !

With our Prohibition beetle,  
And our moral suasion wedge,  
We will split all opposition ;  
Come and join us—sign the pledge !

---

### 73      We'll never be Drunkard's.

---

TUNE.—*Buy a Broom.*

In the ways of true temperance see children delighting,  
So joyful and happy wherever we go :  
If firm to the purpose in which we're uniting,  
We shall never be drunkards—oh never, oh no !  
Oh never, oh no !

The first little drop of strong drink that is taken,  
 Is the first step to ruin : e'en childrer may know,  
 If the first little drop be in earnest forsaken,  
 We shall never be drunkards—oh never, oh no !  
 Oh never, oh no !

Then free from the ruin strong drink would occasion,  
 We'll stand by our temperance wherever we go ;  
 And if bad men should tempt, we'll resist their persuasion,  
 And never be drunkards—oh never, oh no !  
 Oh never, oh no !

## 74      **Beauty Everywhere.**

There is beauty in the forest,  
 Where the trees are green and fair,  
 There is beauty in the meadow,  
 Where wild flowers scent the air ;  
 There is beauty in the sunlight,  
 And the soft blue beam above ;  
 O ! the world is full of beauty,  
 When the heart is full of love.

There is beauty in the fountain,  
 Singing gaily at its play,  
 While the rainbow hues are streaming,  
 On its silv'ry shining spray ;  
 There is beauty in the streamlet,  
 Murm'ring softly thro' the grove ;  
 O ! the world is full of beauty,  
 When the heart is full of love.

There is beauty in the brightness,  
 Beaming from a loving eye,  
 In the warm blush of affection,  
 In the tear of sympathy ;  
 In the sweet low voice whose accents,  
 The spirit's gladness prove ;  
 O ! the world is full of beauty,  
 When the heart is full of love.



## 75      ' A Sister's Appeal.

---

Don't go near the bar-room, brother  
 Listen to a sister's prayer,  
 Do not yield to its temptation,—  
 Sin and death are lurking there ;  
 Do not heed the gilded palace,  
 'Tis a mask the tempter wears,  
 And beneath it frowns destruction,—  
 It will meet you unawares.

Don't go near the bar-room, brother,  
 Shun it as an evil place ;  
 It will bring you desolation,—  
 Cover you with deep disgrace.  
 Friends and kindred all around you,  
 Counsel you to pass it by,  
 And the pleadings of a sister,—  
 Strengthen you once more to try.

Don't go near the bar-room, brother,  
 Touch not, taste not of the wine,  
 There is poison in its contact,—  
 Do not worship at its shrine.  
 Join the grand "teetotal army,"  
 Shun the bar-room and the cup,  
 Then we'll work and wait together,—  
 Till the monster shall give up.

## 76      Stand by the Flag.

---

Oh, unfurl now the Temperance Banner,  
 And wave it in triumph on high,  
 And shout, as it gleams in the sunlight,  
 We'll stand by that flag till we die.  
 We know, there are lonely hearts aching,  
 By hearth-stones all shrouded in gloom,  
 From which the dark monster, Intemperance,  
 Has stolen all brightness and bloom.

We know there are husbands and fathers,  
 And brothers and lovers to save,  
 From the fiend who is tempting them onward,  
 To fill the inebriate's grave.  
 We cannot stand idle, or careless,  
 We must rally bravely around,  
 We will make the Rum-King surrender,  
 And haul his death-flag to the ground.

It is drooping at half-mast already ;  
 Intemperance is losing the fight,  
 And we're still marching on to the rescue,  
 To battle for temp'rance and right !  
 Then up with the Cold Water Banner,  
 And wave it in triumph on high,  
 And shout, as our columns move onward,  
 We'll stand by our flag till we die.

---

## 77      Thanksgiving Hymn.

---

We raise to God a joyful song,  
 For blessings on our work bestowed ;  
 For growth that made the weak arm strong ;  
 For triumphs reaped, where toil was sowed.  
 We praise him for that Star which rose,  
 Long since, upon the drunkard's night,  
 And now with brightest radiance glows,  
 And blesses thousands with its light.

Loud swell the notes of joyful praise,  
 For progress made, and vantage won ;  
 Intemperance counts its waning days,  
 King Alcohol's reign will soon be done !  
 For thousands swell our noble band,  
 To set the tyrant's captives free,  
 Pledged heart to heart, and hand in hand,  
 To bear our cause to victory !

Still to the Power that rules and saves,  
 We'll bring the meed of praise and thanks,  
 As higher yet our banner waves,  
 And stronger grow our serried ranks.  
 And still to wage the holy fight,  
 Our marshalled hosts shall bravely go,  
 Till all the world shall own the light,  
 And Temperance has no more a foe !

---

**78                      Never give it up.**

---

We've fought the battle very long,  
 And now we'll sing a little song,  
 To raise our spirits getting low,  
 For it won't do to give it up so.

It will never do to give it up so,  
 It will never do to give it up so,  
 It will never do to give it up so,  
 It will never do to give it up so.

We've had a hard and lengthy race,  
 We still keep on the same old pace ;  
 So long as Rum shall lay men low,  
 It will never do to give it up so.  
 It will never never do, &c.

We've met misfortunes on our way,  
 But they have failed our course to stay ;  
 We still keep moving on the track,  
 And never think of turning back.  
 It will never never do, &c.

We've tried it hard, we've tried it long,  
 We've tried the speech, we've tried the song,  
 We've tried the mouth, we've tried the pen,  
 If they won't do we'll try them again.  
 It will never never do, &c.

## 79      **We've signed the Pledge.**

TUNE—*The days we went a gypsying.*

Come all ye children, sing a song ;  
 Join with us, heart and hand ;  
 Come, make our little party strong,  
 A happy Temperance band !  
 We cannot sing of many things,  
 For we are young, we know.  
 But we have signed the Temp'rance pledge  
 A short time ago ;  
 But we have signed the Temp'rance pledge,  
 A short time ago.

The Band of Hope shall be our name,  
 The Temperance star, our guide ;  
 We will not know the drunkard's shame,  
 The drunkard's drink avoid ;  
 Cold water cannot do us harm,  
 Strong drink may bring us woe.  
 So we have signed, &c.

We ask our fathere, too, to come,  
 And join our happy band ;  
 True Temperance makes a happy home,  
 And makes a thriving land.  
 Our mothers we are sure to gain,  
 And all our sisters too.  
 For we have signed, &c.

## 80      **The Drink of Flowers.**

O the flowers drink at the streamlet's brink,  
 And the oak leaves drink the dew ;  
 And the songsters sing of the sparkling spring,  
 As they soar in the azure blue.  
 O the water cold, with its wealth untold,  
 From the earth outgushing free,  
 As it bubbles and sings from a thousand springs,  
 Is the drink, the drink for me.

The sunlight sleeps when the rain king keeps  
 His treasures uplaid in the sky,  
 Or it bids a bow in its beauty glow,  
 When the storm sprite passes by.  
 O, the water cold, &c.

We'll point to the spring, as we join to sing,  
 And repeat and pledge again,  
 All things we hate, that intoxicate,  
 Is the burden of our strain.  
 O, the water cold, &c.

## 81

## An Appeal.

Parent ! who with speechless feeling,  
 O'er thy cradled treasure bent—  
 Every year new claims revealing,  
 Yet thy wealth of love unspent ;  
 Hast thou seen that blossom blighted  
 By a drear untimely frost—  
 All thy labor unrequited,  
 Every glorious promise lost ?

Wife ! with agony unspoken,  
 Shrinking from affliction's rod,—  
 Is thy prop, thine idol broken ;  
 Fondly trusted, next to God ?  
 Husband ! o'er thy hope a mourner,  
 Of thy chosen friend ashamed—  
 Hast thou to her burial borne her,  
 Unrepentant, unreclaimed ?

Child ! in tender weakness turning,  
 To thy heaven-appointed guide—  
 Doth a lava poison burning  
 Turn to gall affection's tide ?  
 Still that orphan-burden bearing,  
 Darker than the grave can show,  
 Dost thou bow thee down despairing,  
 To a heritage of woe ?

Country ! on thy sons depending,  
 Strong in manhood, bright in bloom,  
 Hast thou seen thy pride descending  
 Shrouded to th'unhonored tomb ?  
 Rise, on eagle's pinions soaring—  
 Rise ! like one of god-like birth—  
 Rise ! Jehovah ; aid imploring,  
 Sweep the spoiler from the earth.

## 82      The Drunkard's Lament.

Shades of sorrow, close not o'er me !  
 Leave, oh, leave me yet awhile !  
 Nought but woe I see before me,  
 Woe unsoothed by hope's soft smile ;  
 Oh ! how fain would memory linger,  
 Round the scenes of happier years,  
 But despair, with cruel finger,  
 Points to nought save bitter tears.

Where are now the happy faces,  
 Wont to greet me with delight ?  
 Where are those who fill'd the places  
 Vacant round my hearth to-night ?  
 Gone, alas ! and gone forever,  
 All my deep regrets are vain ;  
 I have cast away what never  
 Can return to me again.

Love and hope my home adorning,  
 Bathed it in a holy light ;  
 Welcome was each rosy morning,  
 Welcome each returning night.  
 Now, how changed ! in lonely sorrow  
 Silent by my hearth I pine,  
 Careless of the gloomy morrow,  
 Joy no more on me can shine.

Those who loved me now are sleeping  
 In their cold and narrow bed ;  
 My remorse, my groans, my weeping,  
 Ne'er can wake the unconscious dead.  
 But a ray illumines my sadness,  
 Hope as long as life extends,  
 'Tis the pledge ! I'll sign with gladness,  
 So despairful anguish ends.

### 83            The Drunkard's End.

I saw him in his youthful days, methinks I see him now,  
 When health spread out its radiant glow upon his lofty brow ;  
 His spirit moved in lightness, his heart untouched by care,  
 And love had shed its brightest flowers, and carved its image  
                                  there.

I saw him in his youthful days, methinks I see him now,  
 When health spread out its radiant glow upon his lofty brow.

And years passed on, I saw that brow, disease and death  
                                  were there ;  
 The deep carved wrinkles on his face were sculptured by  
                                  despair ;  
 Beneath his feet the broken hearts, his dread unkindness  
                                  made—  
 His father, mother, sister, wife, within the churchyard laid.  
                                  I saw him in his youthful days. &c.

And once again I saw that brow, in dread repose it lay ;  
 Within a coffin's solemn niche returning quick to clay.  
 In solitude the body lay upon its gloomy bier,  
 And death had done its work without the mockery of a tear.  
                                  I saw him in his youthful days, &c.

### 84            Sparkling Water.

Bright and sparkling water,  
 Bursting from the hills ;  
 Rolling down the mountains,  
 Gliding off in rills,  
 Forming into rivers,  
 Widening to the sea ;  
 Ah ! this sparkling water—  
                                  Is the drink for me.

It gives a wondrous lustre,  
 To the sparkling eye ;  
 And makes the cheeks in color,  
 With the roses vie.  
 It makes the step elastic,  
 Vigorous and free ;  
 Ah ! this sparkling water—  
 Is the drink for me.

Yield not to the tempter,  
 For 'twill craze the brain ;  
 And fill the youthful body,  
 With weariness and pain.  
 Bring the sparkling goblet,  
 To the fountain free ;  
 For this flowing water—  
 Is the drink for me.

Would you make your future,  
 Radiant with joy,  
 Would you reap a harvest,  
 Free from all alloy ;  
 Choose the flowing waters,  
 A bev'rage sweet and free ;  
 Which the blessed Giver,  
 Freely giveth thee.

## 85      We love our Home.

TUNE.—*Home !*

Home ! home ! well as we love thee,  
 Home ! home ! shall we refrain,  
 Home ! home ! far to remove thee,  
 Far from all sorrow and pain ?

Home ! home ! sweet home !  
 Long may thy pleasures remain.

Home ! home ! wine bringeth sadness  
 Home ! home ! unto thy hearth,



Home ! home ! folly and madness  
Often have mixed with its mirth.

Home ! home ! sweet home !  
Chiefest delight of the earth.

Home ! home ! friend of the lowly,  
Home ! home ! strength of the brave,  
Home ! home ! cherubim holy  
Wings of defence round thee wave.

Home ! home ! sweet home !  
Heaven in thy presence we have.

Home ! home ! peaceful, abiding,  
Home ! home ! where I would be,  
Home ! home ! humble, confiding  
Pilgrims thy glory shall see ;

Home ! home ! sweet home !  
When shall I fly unto thee ?

86

### A Prayer.

Father, in Thy love and mercy,  
Look upon our temperance band ;  
In a world of sin and danger,  
Still support us with Thy hand.

While to Thee we look for safety,  
Thou wilt surely guide and bless,  
And preserve us now and ever  
In the paths of righteousness.

On Thine arm alone depending,  
Faithful ever may we prove ;  
Still our onward course pursuing,  
In the work of truth and love.

Let our joyful songs and praises  
Fill our hearts from day to day,  
While Thy goodness and Thy mercy  
Flow to cheer us on our way.

# 87      O God of earth and sky.

TUNE.—*National Anthem.*

Thou God of earth and sky,  
To Thee we humbly cry; hear from Thy throne,  
Thou art our Father still, teach us Thy perfect will,  
Guard us from every ill and lead us on.

The drunkard's family  
Behyld in misery from day to day;  
Spread truth and holiness, drunkards restore and bless,  
Removing all distress from earth away.

Fill every heart with love,  
Our nation's woe remove for evermore,  
And not our land alone, but where strong drink has gone  
Be love and temperance known from shore to shore.

# 88      Rise and Shine.

Rise and shine o'er every nation,  
O thou temperance star divine;  
With thy light bless all creation,  
Enter every heart and mind;  
On the drunkard  
In thy matchless glory shine.

Guided by the great Jehovah,  
Strengthened by His mighty hand;  
Even drunkards are made sober,  
See them travel through the land;  
They shall prosper,  
Joined in one teetotal band.

Who will come and join our standard,  
Help to pull the strongholds down?  
Temperance men, unite, come forward  
Then the victory is your own;  
Heavenly blessing  
Will your useful labours crown.

89

**Gushing Water.**TUNE.—*Rosalie the Prairie Flower.*

Water as it gushes through the leafy vale,  
 In the streamlet gliding o'er the dale;  
 Water as it gushes through the leafy vale,  
 Water is the drink for me.

Take away the wine cup, take away the beer,  
 Water, give me water fresh and clear;  
 Take away the wine cup, take away the beer,  
 Water is the drink for me.  
 Water, it yieldeth vigour and health;  
 Water's a mine of riches and wealth;  
 Friend of all creation bounteous and free,  
 Water is the drink for me.

Water, as it dances on the pebbly strand,  
 In the summer sunshine looking grand;  
 Water, as it dances on the pebbly strand,  
 Water is the drink for me.—Take away, &c.

In the cause of temperance let us all abide;  
 Let its banners wave on every side;  
 Spread the cause of temperance, spread it far and wide;  
 Aid the work of truth and love. Take away, &c.

90

**The Temperance Ship.**TUNE.—*Shining Shore.*

The temperance ship is sailing on  
 In bright and stormy weather,  
 The great and good, the young and old,  
 Are sailing on together.

The drunkard's bark is ne'er secure,  
 Life's stormy ocean crossing,  
 For many sink to rise no more,  
 When angry waves are tossing.

The temperance ship is sailing on,  
 And friends are kindly greeting,  
 Husbands and wives, and children too,  
 O what a joyful meeting!

The drunkard's, &c.

The temperance ship is sailing on  
 A faithful hand is steering,  
 That safely guides the trusty ship,  
 Nor foe nor danger fearing.  
 The drunkard's, &c.

The temperance ship is sailing on,  
 The banners now are waving ;  
 Long may it sail triumphantly,  
 The foaming billows braving.  
 The drunkard's &c.

91

### Beautiful Water.

TUNE.—*Auld Lang Syne.*

Shall e'er cold water be forgot  
 When we sit down to dine ?  
 O no, my friends, for is it not  
 Poured out by hands divine ?  
 Poured out by hands divine, my friends,  
 Poured out by hands divine,  
 From springs and wells it gushes forth,  
 Poured out by hands divine.

To beauty's cheek, though strange it seems,  
 'Tis not more strange than true,  
 Cold water found in limpid streams  
 Imparts the rosiest hue,  
 Imparts the rosiest hue, my friends,  
 Imparts the rosiest hue,  
 Yes, beauty in a water pail  
 Doth find her rosiest hue.

Cold water, too, though many think,  
 How strange it seems again !  
 The weakest of all earthly drink,  
 Doth make the strongest men,

Doth make the strongest men, my friends,  
 Doth make the strongest men,  
 Then let us take the weakest drink,  
 And be the strongest men.

92

### Do the Best.

TUNE.—*To the West.*

Do the best ! do the best in the land where you live,  
 Your help to restore the poor drunkard now give ;  
 Let a man be a man in his own native isle,  
 Then plenty shall flourish and virtue shall smile ;  
 The noblest reform you can never obtain  
 While gin shops on shores of old England remain ;  
 Then arm for the battle to save the oppressed,  
 Arise ! brother rise ! like a man do the best. Do, &c.

Never say, never say, that your influence is small,  
 The victory is won when united are all ;  
 You've a hand and a heart that for others may care,  
 And blessings to thousands around you may bear.  
 The oak in the forest, the mountain afar,  
 The vast foaming ocean and beautiful star,  
 Still minister good to the east and the west,  
 Then rise ! brother rise ! like a man do the best. Do, &c.

Look around ! look around what the tyrant has done,  
 Defiling our daughters and cursing each son ;  
 In the cots of the poor, and the halls of the great,  
 Yet thousands in fetters for liberty wait.  
 But see ! through the land waves the flag of the free,  
 And soon from his strongholds the tyrant shall flee,  
 And drunkards shall follow to realms of the blest ;  
 Then rise ! brother rise ! like a man do the best. Do, &c.

93

### On, On, On.

TUNE.—*Scots wha hae.*

Friends of freedom swell the song,  
 Young and old the strain prolong,  
 Make the temperance army strong,  
 On to victory !  
 Lift your banner, let it wave,  
 Onward march a world to save !  
 Who would fill a drunkard's grave,  
 Bear his infamy ?

Give the aching bosom rest,  
 Carry joy to every breast,  
 Make the wretched drunkard blest  
     Living soberly.  
 Raise the glorious watchword high,  
 "Touch not, taste not, till you die,"  
 Let the the echo reach the sky,  
     Swelling joyfully.

God of mercy hear us plead,  
 Help us while we intercede,  
 Oh ! how many bosoms bleed,  
     Heal them speedily.  
 Hasten, Lord, the joyful day,  
 When strong drink shall pass away,  
 And the world shall own thy sway ;  
     Reign triumphantly !

---

#### 94      Sparkling and Bright.

---

Sparkling and bright, in its liquid light,  
 Is the water in our glasses ;  
 'Twill give you health, 'twill give you wealth,  
 Ye lads and rosy lasses !

Oh then resign your ruby wine,  
 Each smiling son and daughter,  
 There's nothing so good for the youthful blood,  
 Or sweet as the sparkling water.

Better than gold is the water cold,  
 From the crystal fountain flowing ;  
 A calm delight, both day and night,  
 To happy homes bestowing.  
 O then resign your ruby wine, &c.

Sorrow has fled from hearts that bled  
 Of the weeping wife and mother,  
 They have given up the poison'd cup  
 Son, husband, daughter, brother.  
 O then resign your ruby wine, &c.

## 95

## Rallying Song.

Friends of Temperance, quick to arms,  
 We must struggle for the right;  
 And our noble cause with vigor we'll defend,  
 See the foe is gaining ground,  
 We must meet him in the fight,  
 And be faithful and courageous to the end.  
     Marching onward, ever onward,  
     Sounding still the battle cry;  
     Soon the tyrant shall be slave,  
     To our army bold and brave!  
     We shall gain a glorious victory by and by.

Throw our banner to the breeze,  
     Let the winds that claim redress,  
 Be our signal and our watchword as we go,  
     Like the veterans of the past,  
 We will never, never rest,  
     Till our weapons deal destruction to the foe.  
     Marching onward, ever onward, &c.

## 96

## The Temperance Army.

The army of temperance is gathering its men,  
 From hill-top and mountain, from valley and glen;  
 Cold water's our bev'rage, we are lusty and strong,  
 Then come join our army and be marching along.  
     Marching along—we are marching along,  
     Come join our army and be marching along;  
     Cold water will make us both valiant and strong,  
     Then come join our army and be marching along.

King alcohol's army is must'ring in might,  
 Then come to the rescue, come join in the fight;  
 With love on our banner and love in our song,  
 We're sure now to win as we're marching along.  
     Marching along, &c.

The foe may outnumber us many a score,  
 But our leaders are valiant and ne'er will give o'er;  
 Our cause is humane, we shall triumph o'er wrong  
 Then come join our army and be marching along.  
     Marching along, &c.

From mountain to lakes, from the gulf to the strand,  
 Our army is marching in strength through the land;  
 In Love, Faith, and Purity, we still will grow strong,  
 Then come join our army and be marching along.  
     Marching along, &c.

## 97 The Temperance Jubilee.

We have met you here again, friends, to sing you our refrain,  
Shouting the Jubilee of Temperance,  
We will join in song together, and this shall be our strain?  
Shouting the Jubilee of Temperance.

Temperance forever, hurrah, friends, hurrah;  
Keep from the rumshop forever and far  
And we'll rally round the Pledge, friends,  
United in our Cause,  
Shouting the Jubilee of Temperance.

We have signed the good old Pledge that our brothers signed  
before,  
Shouting the Jubilee of Temperance;  
And will number in our ranks a million signers more,  
Shouting the Jubilee of Temperance.  
Temperance forever, &c

We are springing to the call, the young, the old, and all,  
Shouting the Jubilee of Temperance;  
And we'll banish alcohol from the parlor, shop, and hall,  
Shouting the Jubilee of Temperance.  
Temperance forever, &c.

We will raise the fallen up, and will make them sober men,  
Shouting the Jubilee of Temperance;  
Till the hills and valleys ring, this Temperance song we'll  
sing,  
Shouting the Jubilee of Temperance.  
Temperance forever, &c.

## 98 Cheer up.

Oh, what has made the grog men sigh,  
And sadly hang so low their heads?  
Their customers no more will buy,  
And Alcohol is almost dead.

Then cheer up, my lively lads,  
In spite of rum and cider,  
Then cheer up my lively lads,  
We'll sign the pledge together.

Hurrah, my lads, we're coming on!  
They're shaking now within their shoes.



The rum heads now most all are gone;  
 They soon will have no more to lose.  
 Then cheer up, &c.

We're building forts all round the town,  
 And guns in plenty we have got;  
 We'll batter all the rum-holes down,  
 For only freemen aim the shot.  
 Then cheer up, &c.

Then shout, my lads! give three loud cheers!  
 Hurrah—hurrah—hurrah, away!  
 The rascal's dead! we'll shed some tears;  
 But that we'll do some other day.  
 Then cheer up, &c.

The ladies all, will, every one,  
 Turn out, and help us onward too;  
 And every one do all she can  
 To help the noble cause quite through.  
 Then cheer up, &c.

---

## 99      The Spider and the Fly.

---

Will you walk into my parlor, said the spider to the fly,  
 'Tis the prettiest little parlor that ever you did spy;  
 You have only got to pop your head just inside of my door,  
 And there you'll see such pretty things you never saw  
 before.

Will you, will you, will you, will you  
 Walk in pretty fly?  
 Will you, will you, will you, will you  
 Walk in pretty fly?

Will you come shake hands with me? said the spider to  
 the fly,  
 And do not leave me here like this, to sorrow and to sigh,  
 Said the fly, There's nothing handsome sir, that unto you  
 belongs,  
 I declare you should not touch me sir, not with a pair  
 of tongs.  
 Will you, &c.

O what handsome wings you've got, said the spider to  
the fly,  
If I only had such wings up into the air I'd fly;  
But there 'tis no use murmuring, it is all idle talk,  
You can fly up in the air, but I'm obliged to walk.  
Will you, &c.

For the last time now I ask you, will you walk in pretty  
fly?  
No if I do may I be shot, so I'm off and now good bye;  
Then up he springs, but both his wings are in the web  
caught fast,  
The spider laughed, Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! then I've got you  
safe at last.  
Will you, &c.

And pray how are you now, said the spider to the fly;  
You flies will never wisdom get; unless you dearly buy:  
'Tis vanity that always makes repentance come too late,  
And those who into cobwebs run, I think deserve their  
fate.  
Will you, &c.

So young and old a warning take from this foolish little  
fly,  
For strong drink is the spider, which to catch you fast  
will try;  
And although you may be thinking my advice is very poor,  
You're on dangerous ground if you are found, around the  
tap-room door.  
Will you, &c.

## 100 The Settlement of Halifax.

TUNE.— *When we went a Gipsying.*

In the days of old, when George was king on Britain's  
honored throne,  
Our fathers came to seek the land we fondly call our own;  
A hundred years ago, and more, their ships came o'er the  
sea,  
But we will keep a place for them alive in memory.  
And every year the day we claim more dear to us shall  
grow,  
In the month of June, when our fathers came,  
A long time ago.

From Albion's white-cliffed shores they came, and ver-  
dant Erin's strand,  
From Scotia's heathered hills, and some from German  
father-land;  
A stalwart host of artisans, and vet'rans fresh from war,  
With sturdy limbs and hopeful hearts they sought their  
home afar.  
And every year, &c.

They came not forced by despot acts, to leave a  
 cherished home—  
 T'was enterprise or love of change, that tempted them to  
 roam;  
 And still to Britain, weal or woe, as Britons they were  
 true;  
 The old home kept one-half their love, and half they  
 gave the new.  
 And every year, &c.

We boast not of the deeds they wrought, to justify our  
 pride;  
 We know that in the land they chose, they lived, and  
 toiled, and died;  
 They left us all a heritage of institutions free,  
 Time-honored laws and equal rights, the fruits of liberty.  
 And every year, &c.

And England's Rose will bloom for us, by Erin's Sham-  
 rock green,  
 And Scotland weave her Thistle leaves their friendly  
 stems between;  
 But for herself, Acadia's sons, a garland shall produce,  
 Entwined of emblems all her own—the Mayflower and the  
 Spruce.  
 And every year, &c.

## 101                      Good Night.

Good night to all, good night,  
 The sun at last has gone ;  
 His rays just gild the mountain's height,  
 And night is creeping on.  
 Night grows more dark and deep,  
 Tis time we homeward move ;  
 Good night and soon in balmy sleep,  
 We'll dream of those we love.

The birds have hushed their song,  
 Sweet zephyrs cease to blow ;  
 And all is calm save soft along  
 We hear the streamlet flow.  
 Good night to all, good night,  
 How sweet our meetings prove  
 Oft may our heart and voice unite  
 In harmony and love.

## 102      Won't you Volunteer ?

Come, boys, come girls, won't you volunteer ?  
 If you'd reign in heaven above, you must battle here ;  
 Say not, say not, We are weak and few ;  
 Only battle for the right, God will strengthen you.  
     March on, march on, singing as you go ;  
     March on, march on, do not fear the foe ;  
     March on, march on, singing as you go ;  
     March on, march on, do not fear the foe.

Come, boys, come, girls, wont you volunteer ?  
 Youthful solders of the cross, to our ranks repair :  
 List not, list not to the world and sin,  
 Turn away from foes without, and from foes within.  
     March on, march on, &c.

☐ Come, boys, come, girls, wont you volunteer ?  
 Jesus bought you with his blood ; how can you forbear ?  
 Sinful, dying, to your help he flew :  
 Won't you love and live for him who has died for you ?  
     March on, march on, &c.

Come, boys, come, girls, won't you volunteer ?  
 Soon the vict'ry shall be yours, if you persevere :  
 Singing, shining, on a heavenly throne,  
 You shall strike a harp of gold and wear a golden crown.  
     March on, march on, &c.

## 103      The Happy Time.

TUNE.—“ *There is a Happy Land.* ”

There is a happy time, not far away,  
 When Temperance truth shall shine, bright, bright as day ;  
 Oh, then, we'll sweetly sing, make the hills and valleys ring,  
 Earth shall her tribute bring—’Tis not far away.

Bright in our happy Band, beams every eye ;  
 Pledged with our heart and hand, love can not die ;  
 On, then, to Temperance run, be both health and virtue won,  
 Bright as the noonday sun, shines in the sky,

Come, join the Temperance Band, come, come away ;  
 Why will ye doubting stand ? why still delay ?  
 Oh, we shall happy be, when we're from Intemperance free,  
 Haste ! from the danger free ! haste, haste away.

Haste, then, the happy time, not far away,  
 When Temperance truth shall shine, bright, bright as day ;  
 Oh, then, we'll sweetly sing, make the hills and valleys ring,  
 Earth shall her tribute bring—’Tis not far away.

## 104 There's a Light in the Window.

---

There's a light in the window for thee brother,  
 There's a light in the window for thee;  
 A dear one has moved to the mansions above,  
 There's a light in the window for thee.  
     A mansion eternal we see  
     And a light in the window for thee.

There's a crown and a robe and a palm brother,  
 When from toil and from care you are free,  
 The Saviour has gone to prepare you a home,  
 With a light in the window for thee.  
     A mansion, &c.

O watch and be faithful and pray brother,  
 All your journey o'er life's troubled sea,  
 Though afflictions assail you and storms beat severe,  
 There's a light in the window for thee.  
     A mansion, &c.

Then on ! persevering on ! brother,  
 Till from conflict and suffering free,  
 Bright angels now beckon you over the stream,  
 There's a light in the window for thee.  
     A mansion, &c.

---

## 105 Beautiful River.

---

Shall we gather at the river,  
 Where bright angel feet have trod;  
 With its crystal tide forever  
 Flowing by the throne of God ?

Yes we'll gather at the river  
 The beautiful, the beautiful river ?  
 Gather with the saints at the river  
 That flows by the throne of God.

On the margin of the river,  
 Dashing up its sparkling spray,  
 We will walk and worship ever,  
 All the happy golden day.  
     Yes we'll gather at the river, &c.

Ere we reach the shining river,  
 Lay we every burden down ;  
 Grace our spirits will deliver,  
 And provide a robe and crown,  
 Yes we'll gather at the river, &c.

Soon we'll reach the silver river  
 Soon our pilgrimage will cease,  
 Soon our happy hearts will quiver  
 With the melody of peace.  
 Yes we'll gather at the river, &c.

### 106      The Drunkard's Child.

Look ! wildly sweeps November's blast  
 Over the frozen ground ;  
 Fleecy snow-flakes, hurrying past,  
 Fall silently around.  
 Two little hearts are beating high,  
 For school begins to-day ;  
 Adown the street their little feet  
 Go dancing on the way.

" O Charley ! look ! " says little Joe,  
 " Do look and see that man ;  
 See how he reels along the road—  
 There ! down he goes again !  
 There go the boys ! Glorious sport !  
 Come, brother, run ! " he cries ;  
 But Charley stands with folded hands,  
 " It's *father* ! " he replies.

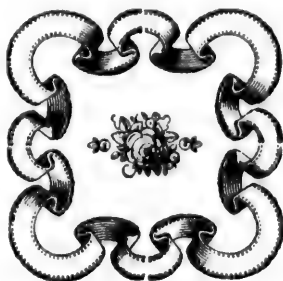
Now fall the tears, big, burning tears,  
 Such tears as none can blame ;  
 Two little hearts are grieving now  
 For drunken father's shame ;  
 Now they look at their tattered clothes,  
 Look at their cold, bare feet,  
 With childish sighs and downcast eyes,  
 They creep along the street.

107

**Good Night.**  
—

Good night, good night, good night,  
To all a kind good night ;  
Lo the moon from heaven is beaming,  
O'er the silvery waters streaming,  
Tis the hour of calm delight,  
Good night, good night, good night, good night.

Good night, good night, good night.  
To all a kind good night ;  
Slumber softly till the morning,  
Till the sun the heavens adorning,  
Rise in all his glorious might.  
Good night, good night, good night, good night.



# Contents.

	Page.
A Crown for the Young :.....	5
Arise, Arise .....	23
A Sister's Appeal.....	55
An Appeal.....	59
A Prayer.....	63
Battling for the Lord.....	14
Beauty everywhere.....	54
Beautiful Water.....	66
Beautiful River.....	75
Come, join our Band.....	3
Childhood's Year's.....	17
Close of Day.....	22
Come Away.....	40
Come, Arouse.....	45
Cheer up.....	70
Do the right.....	11
Doing Good.....	19
Do what you can.....	24
Do Good.....	35
Do the best.....	67
Evening.....	23
Guide us, Saviour.....	3
Good Tidings.....	5
Giving.....	70
Good David.....	
Give me a Draught.....	34
Give it up.....	48
God bless our Band.....	50
Gushing Water.....	65
Good Night.....	73
Good Night.....	77
Humility.....	18
Hold the Fort.....	26
Help the Cause Along.....	46
Happy Children.....	49
I long to be there.....	4
I love the cause.....	29



Jesus loves me .....	9
Little Pilgrim .....	13
Love to God .....	17
Little Things .....	30
Learn to say, No .....	49
Marching Along .....	7
Mothers of Salem .....	19
Morning Songs .....	25
Moving Onward .....	29
My Little Sister .....	33
Merrily Sing .....	41
Marching On .....	52
Nearer my God, to Thee .....	16
Ninety and Nine .....	27
Never give it up .....	57
Never drink again .....	51
Our Work .....	13
Our Shepherd .....	18
Our Father's .....	20
Only a Little .....	44
O God of earth and sky .....	64
On, on, on .....	67
Pure water for me .....	52
Rise and Shine .....	64
Ralling Song .....	69
Speak the Truth .....	8
Sing Praises .....	21
Scatter Seeds of Kindness .....	27
Stand by the Flag .....	55
Sparkling Water .....	61
Sparkling and Bright .....	68
The Prodigal's Return .....	9
The Bible .....	17
The Violet .....	22
True Nobility .....	23
The Dewdrop .....	24
The Child's Desire .....	25
The Reason Why .....	31
The merry Birds .....	32
True to the Pledge .....	33
The Young Abstainer .....	35

The Social Glass.....	37
The Drunkard.....	37
The Wine of Eden.....	39
The Old Oaken Bucket.....	42
Try Again.....	42
Thanksgiving Hymn.....	56
The Drink of Flowers.....	58
The Drunkard's Lament.....	60
The Drunkard's End.....	61
The Temperance Ship.....	65
The Temperance Army.....	69
The Temperance Jubilee.....	70
The Spider and the Fly.....	71
The Settlement of Halifax.....	72
The happy Time.....	74
There's a light in the Window.....	75
The Drunkard's child.....	76
Walk in the Light.....	6
Who Shall Shine.....	12
Work while it is day.....	15
Welcome.....	31
We've Enlisted.....	36
Water is Best.....	44
Weep for the Fallen.....	45
We the Undersigned.....	47
We'll never be Drunkards.....	53
We've signed the Pledge.....	58
We love our Home.....	62
Won't you Volunteer.....	74

